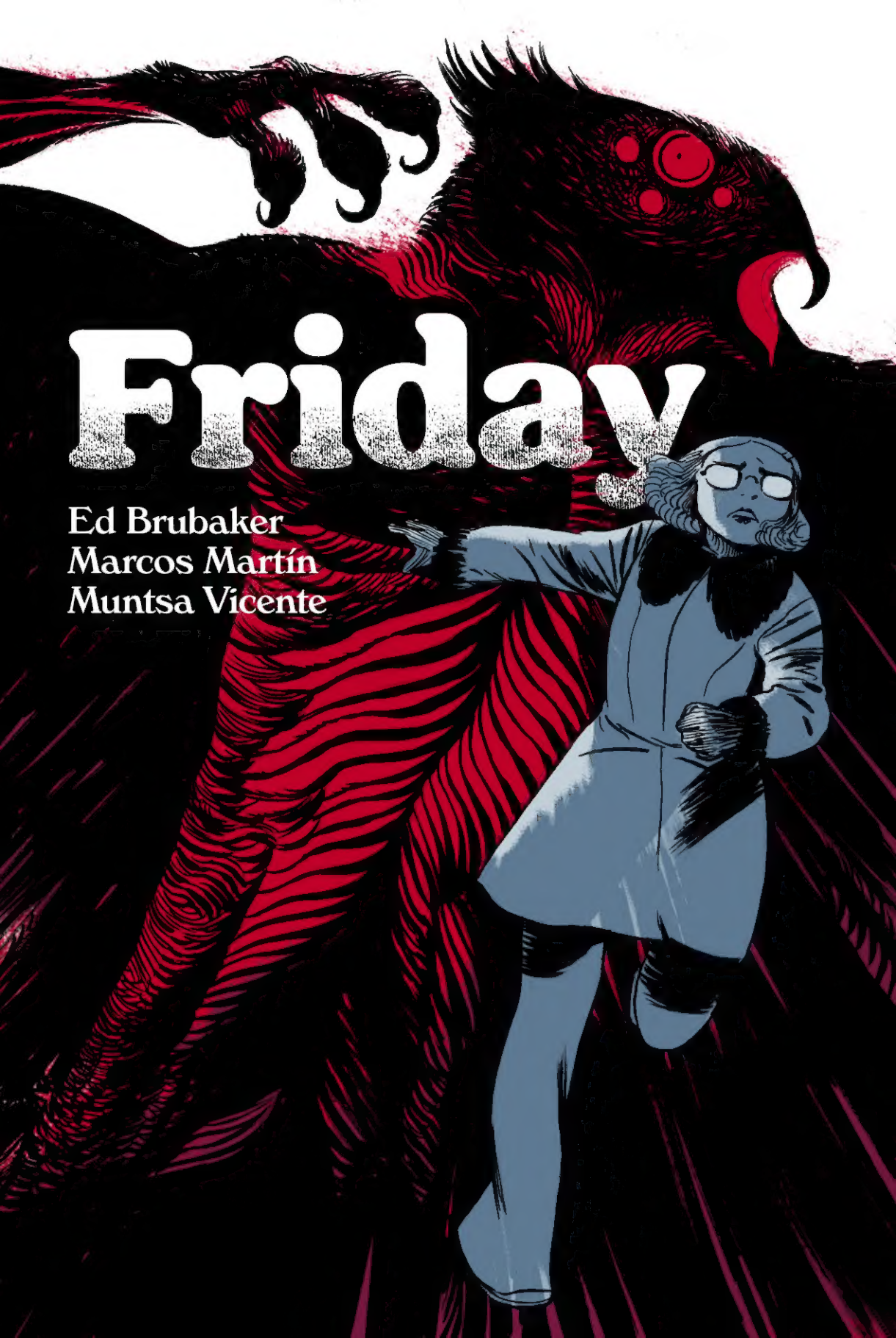




Friday

Ed Brubaker
Marcos Martín
Muntsa Vicente



Chapter Eight

The Face in the Frost



WHAT THE HELL
WAS GOING ON?

HOW COULD THAT
GUY IN THE HOOD
BE LANCE?

DID HE TRAVEL
IN TIME, TOO?

NO... BECAUSE WHY WOULD
HE SEND A FUCKING MONSTER
AFTER HER?

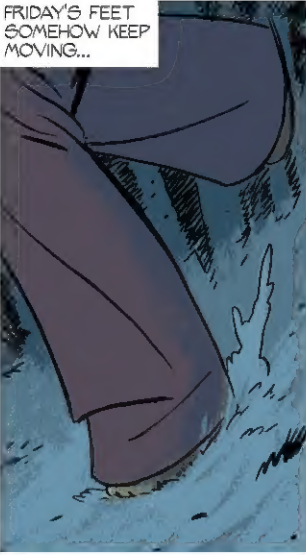
WAIT—WHERE *IS*
THE MONSTER?

DID SHE
LOSE IT?

NO.

SHIT.

FRIDAY'S FEET
SOMEHOW KEEP
MOVING...



SHEER
TERROR...



DESPERATION...



BUT SHE ISN'T FAST ENOUGH,
SHE KNOWS THAT...

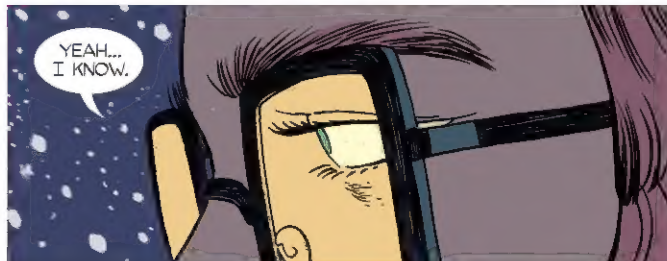


AND THEN...











ALSO, FRIDAY THOUGHT,
SHE WAS ALREADY AT
HOME, LYING IN HER BED...
THE PAST VERSION OF HER...



AND SOON SHE'D
BE CLIMBING OUT
HER WINDOW TO GO
FIND LANCE...



FOR A MINUTE, SHE'D ALMOST
FORGOTTEN ABOUT THE GUY
IN THE HOOD...

AND HER HEAD HURTS
JUST THINKING ABOUT
HIM AGAIN.

THERE WERE TOO MANY
MISSING PIECES IN THE
PUZZLE...

FUCK IT, THE ONLY
THING TO DO WAS
GO TO FIND LANCE...
HER LANCE...

PAST-HER WOULD
ALWAYS BE TOO LATE...

BUT *THIS* VERSION
OF FRIDAY WOULD
NOT BE.

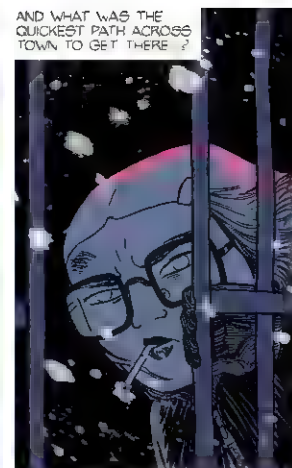
HER MISTAKE LAST TIME HAD BEEN GOING WAY OUT TO THE LIGHTHOUSE FIRST

ASSUMING HE'D BE AT HOME, SINCE IT WAS AFTER MIDNIGHT

BUT LANCE WASN'T A NORMAL KID. HE WAS THE SMARTEST KID IN THE WORLD.

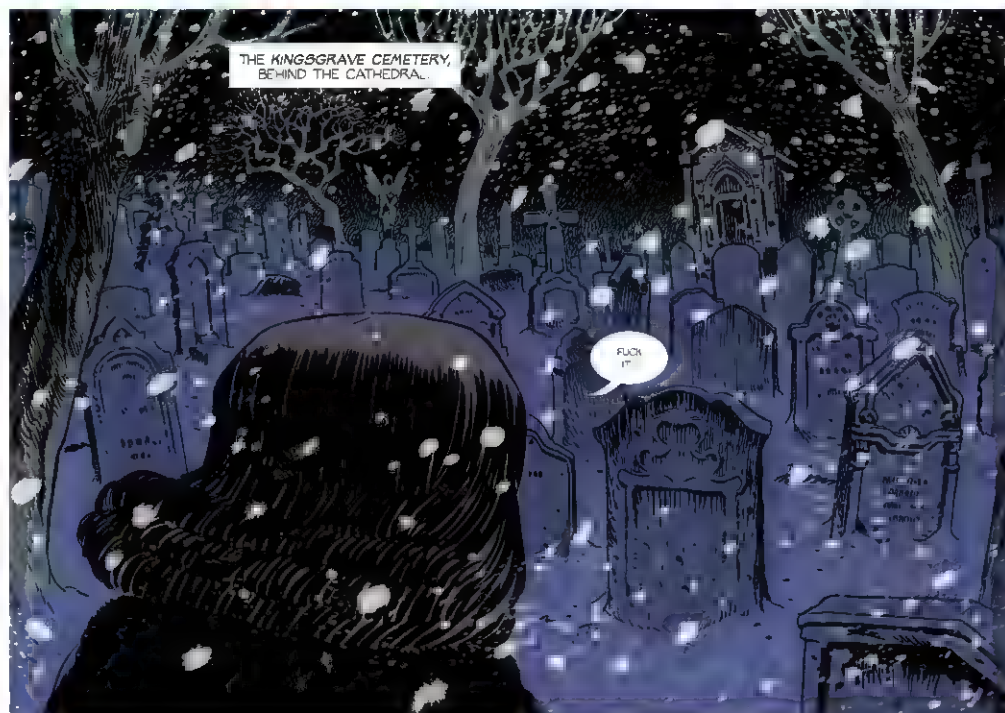
AND OF COURSE HE WAS STILL UP WORKING, OUT AT THEIR HEADQUARTERS..

AND WHAT WAS THE QUICKEST PATH ACROSS TOWN TO GET THERE?



THE KINGSGRAVE CEMETERY, BEHIND THE CATHEDRAL.

FUCK IT



LANCE AND FRIDAY HAD BEEN HERE
MORE THAN A FEW NIGHTS
DEALING WITH GHOSTS ONCE.

AND ONE TIME
WHAT TURNED OUT TO BE
GRAVE ROBBERS

BUT THE PLACE ITSELF
GAVE FRIDAY THE CREEPS

SHE REMEMBERED ONE
OF THE GHOSTS THEY'D
FACED DOWN THAT NIGHT
HAD MADE HERSELF LOOK
LIKE HER FATHER

WHO HAD DIED IN VIETNAM
WHEN SHE WAS LITTLE...

YOU AND
YOUR MOTHER
HAVE FORGOTTEN
ME...

BETRAYED ME...
WITH HER LIFE
OF SIN...

SHUT
UP!!

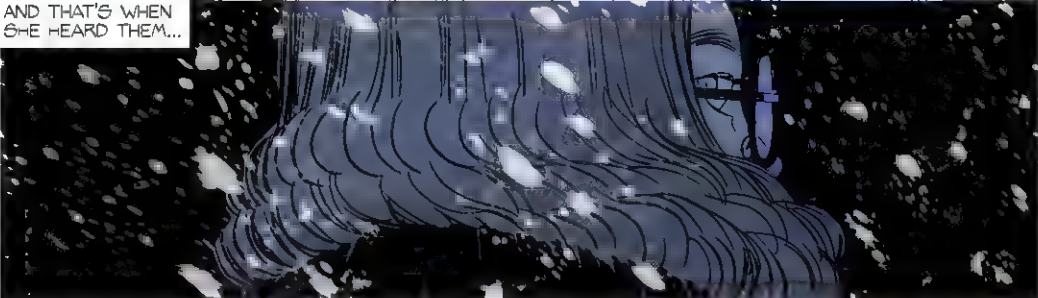
SHE TRED TO SHAKE OFF
THE MEMORY AND JUST
STAY FOCUSED...



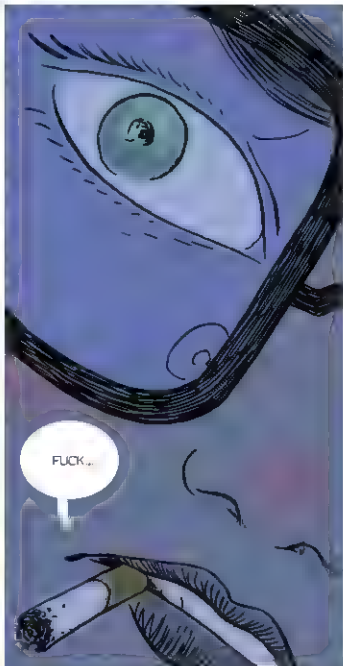
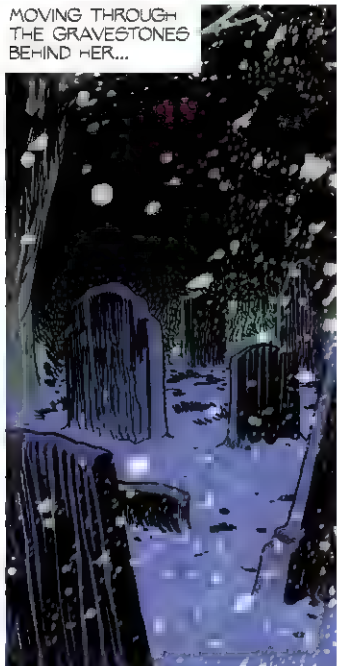
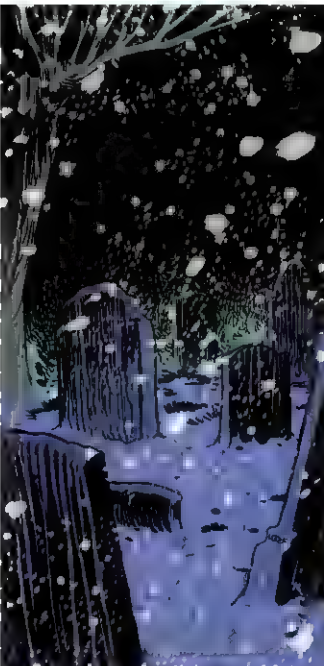
ON MISSION, AS
LANCE WOULD SAY.



AND THAT'S WHEN
SHE HEARD THEM...



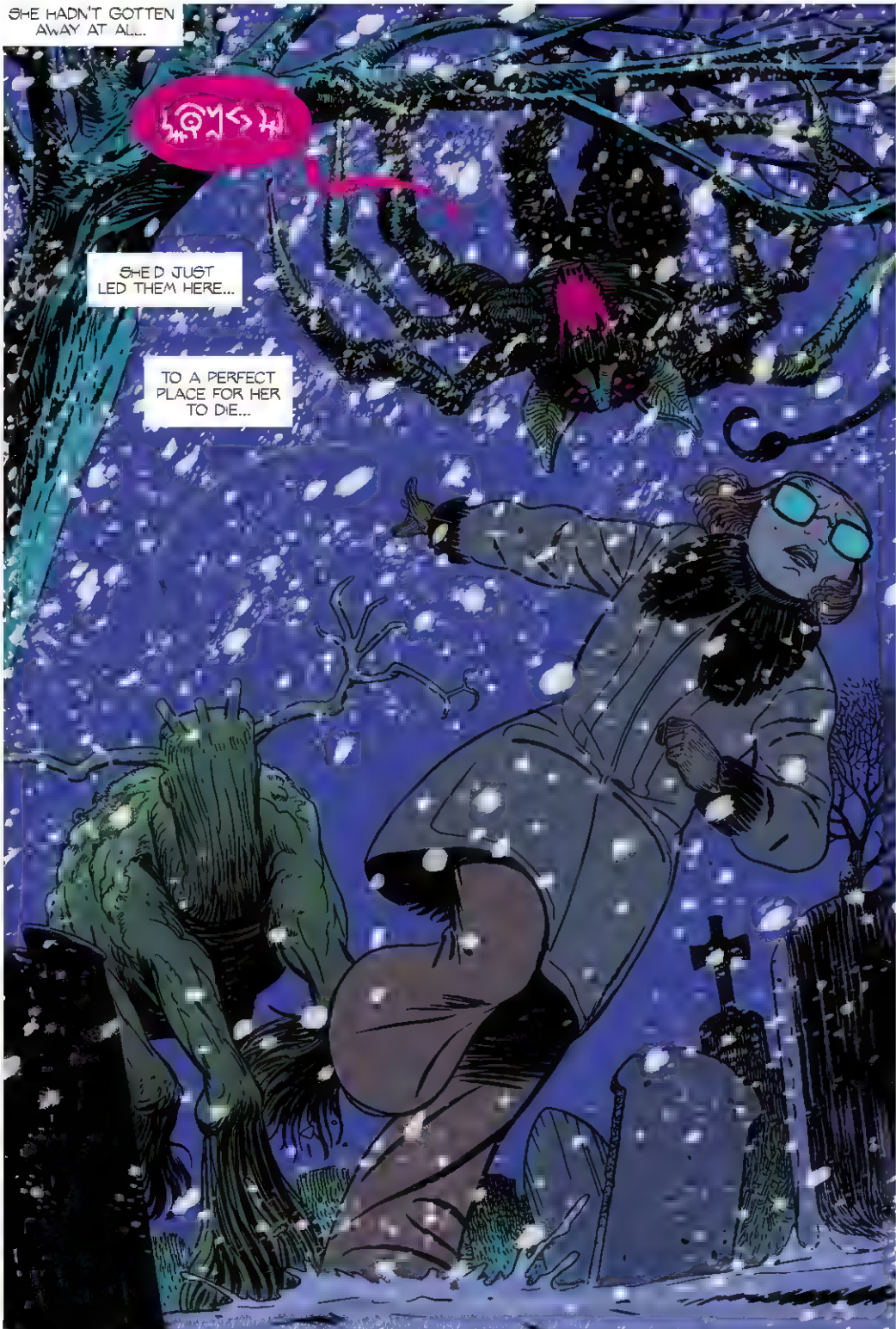
MOVING THROUGH
THE GRAVESTONES
BEHIND HER...



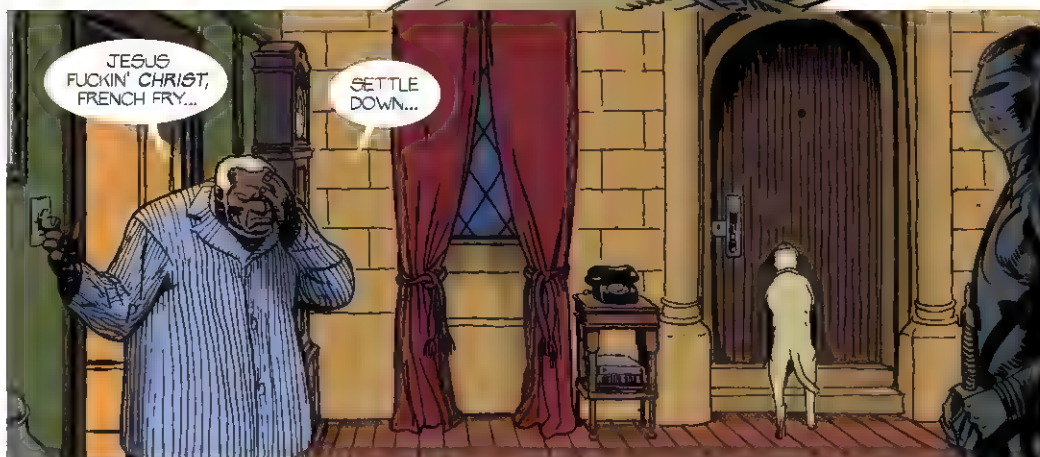
SHE HADN'T GOTTEN
AWAY AT ALL...

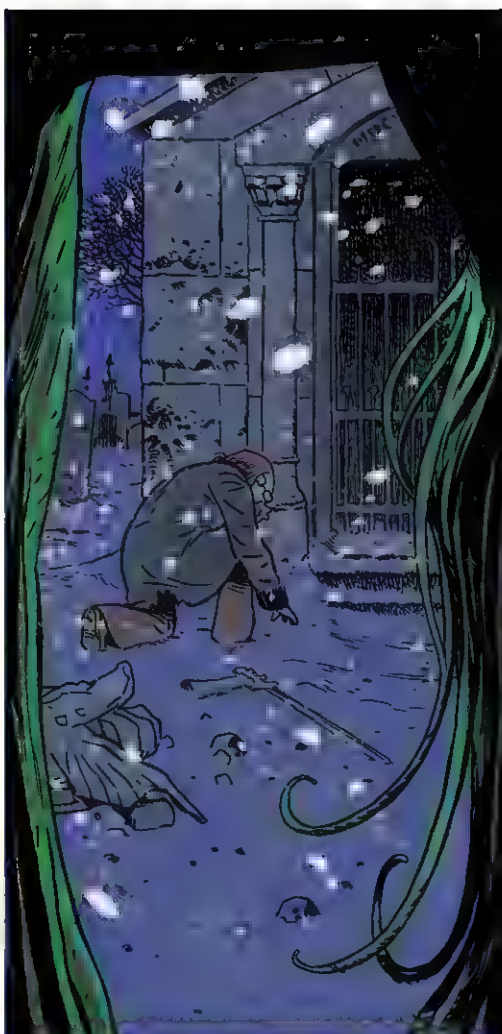
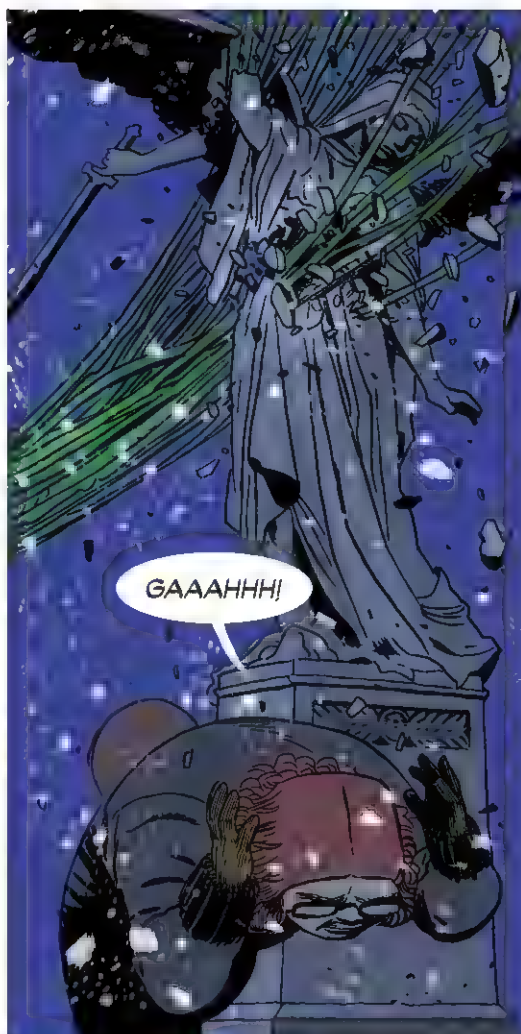
SHE'D JUST
LED THEM HERE...

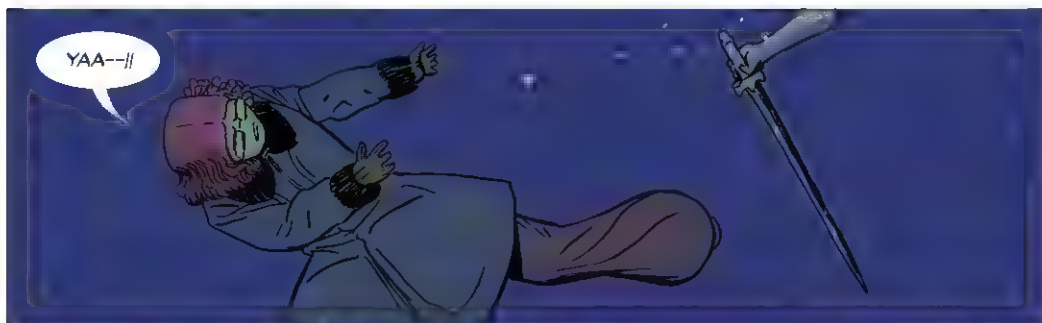
TO A PERFECT
PLACE FOR HER
TO DIE...



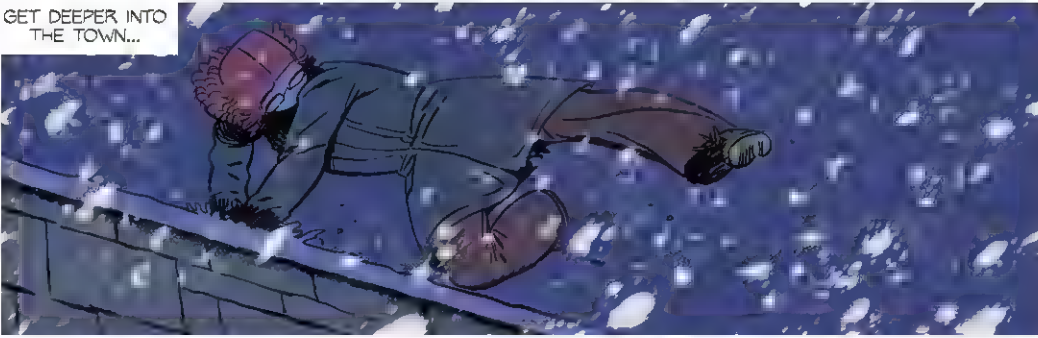
BARK BARK BARK BARK



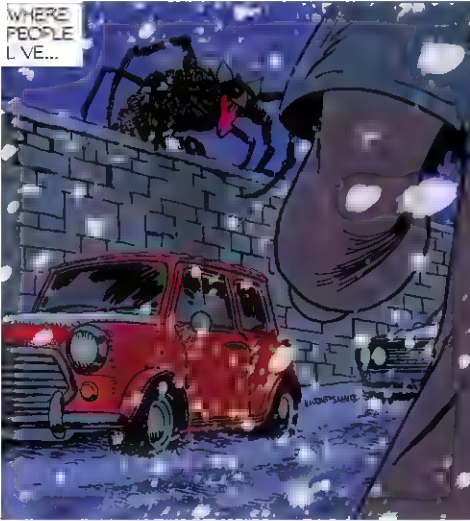




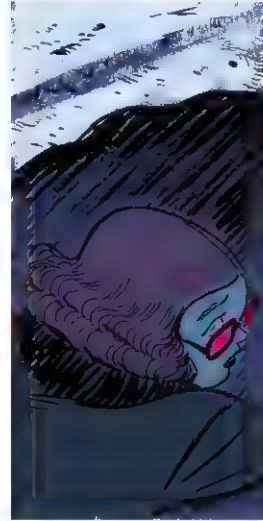
GET DEEPER INTO
THE TOWN...



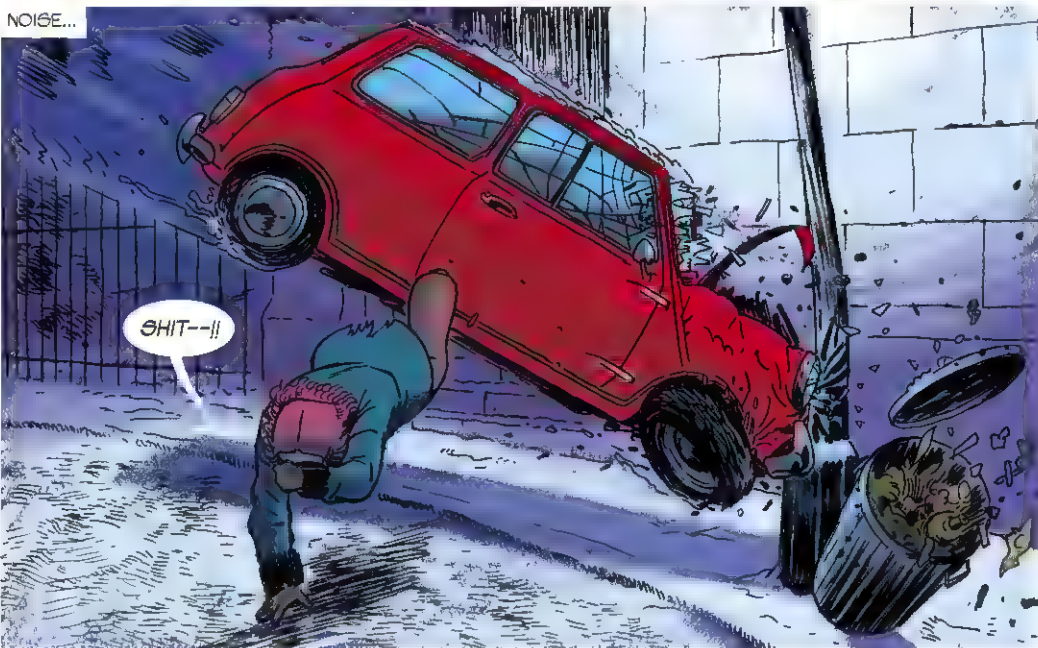
WHERE
PEOPLE
LIVE...



MAKE
SOME...

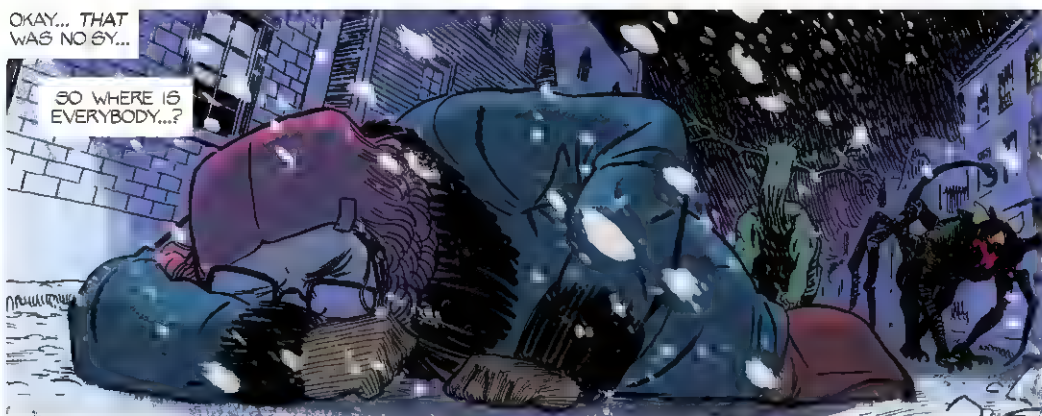


NOISE...



OKAY... THAT
WAS NO SY...

SO WHERE IS
EVERYBODY...?



IS THE STORM
THAT LOUD?



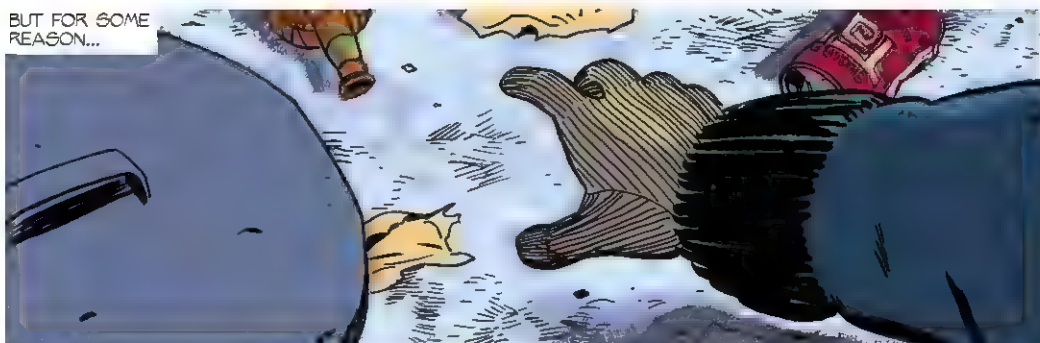
YEAH, I FEEL
THE SAME WAY,
CREEPO...



AND IT'S FUNNY, BECAUSE
SHE SHOULD GIVE UP...



BUT FOR SOME
REASON...

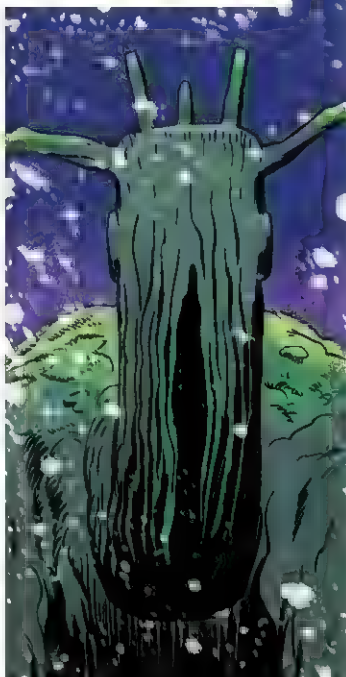


SHE DOESN'T FEEL
HOPELESS...

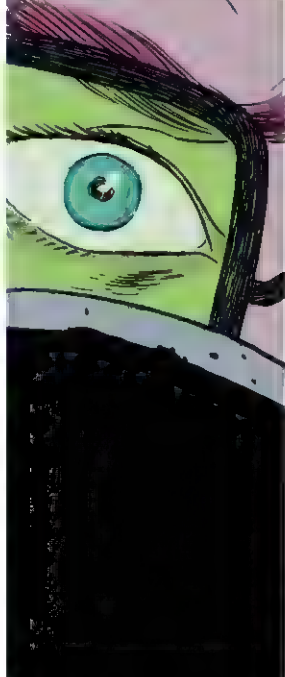
HER BODY WASN'T
FOUND TORN TO SHREDS
AFTER THIS NIGHT...



WHICH MEANS *SOMEHOW*
SHE SURVIVES THIS... RIGHT?



UNLESS...



OH GOD-WHAT IF
THEY ATE HER?!





HOLY SHIT.

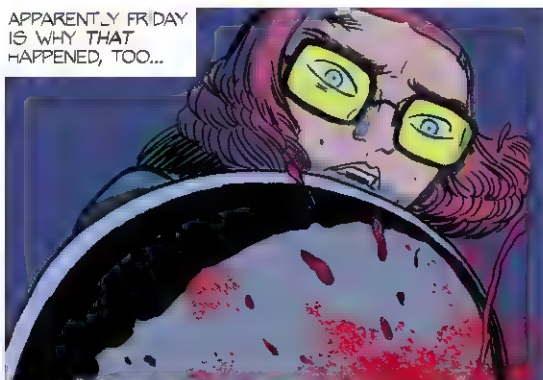
FRENCH FRY.

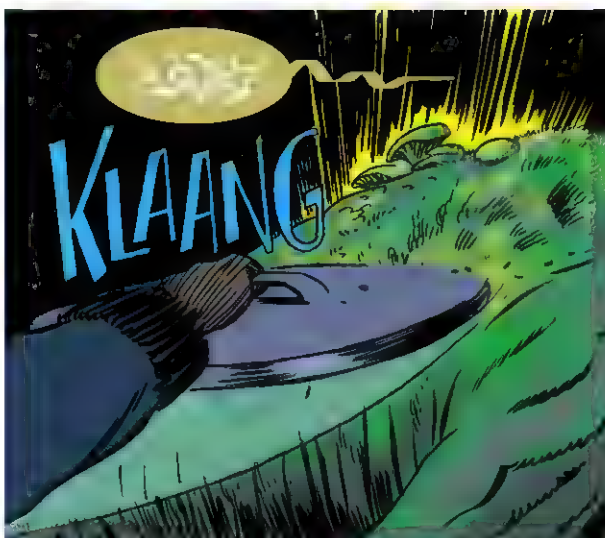


FATHER POOLE'S DOG THAT GOT OUT THAT NIGHT...



APPARENTLY FRIDAY IS WHY THAT HAPPENED, TOO...







EASY, BOY...
STAY HERE
WITH ME... THEY'RE
GONE... AND
WE'RE OKAY...

THAT WAS SOME-
THING SHE'D HAVE
TO FIND OUT LATER...



FRENCH
FRY--!!

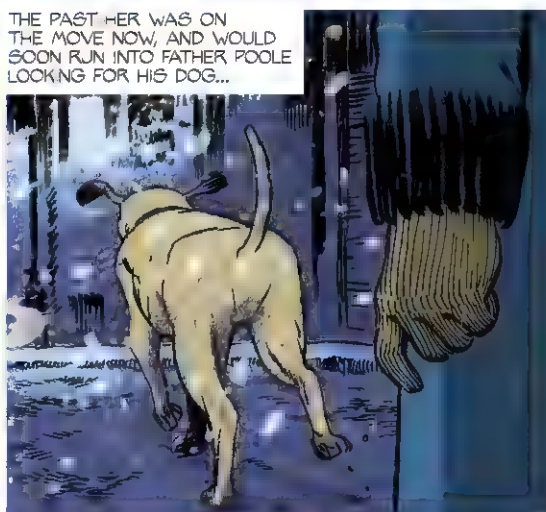
SHIT



OKAY BOY...
GET OUT OF
HERE...

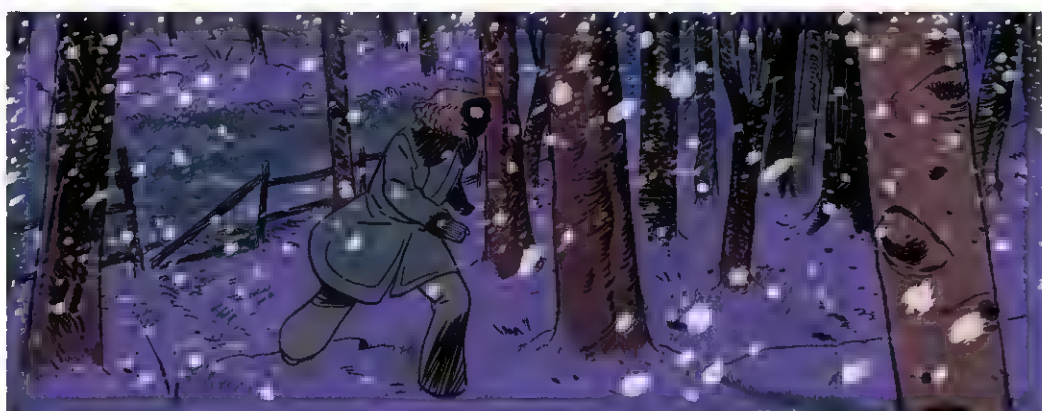
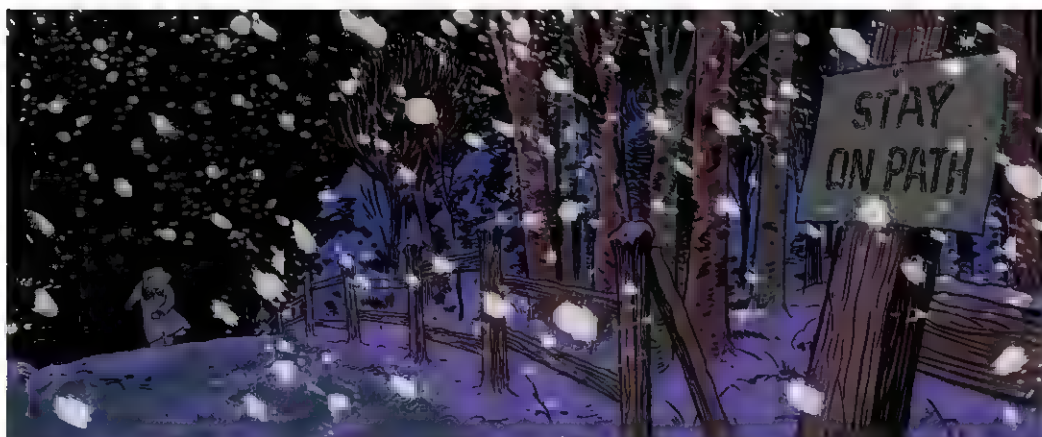
GO
FIND YOUR
PERSON...

THE PAST HER WAS ON
THE MOVE NOW, AND WOULD
SOON RUN INTO FATHER POOLE
LOOKING FOR HIS DOG...

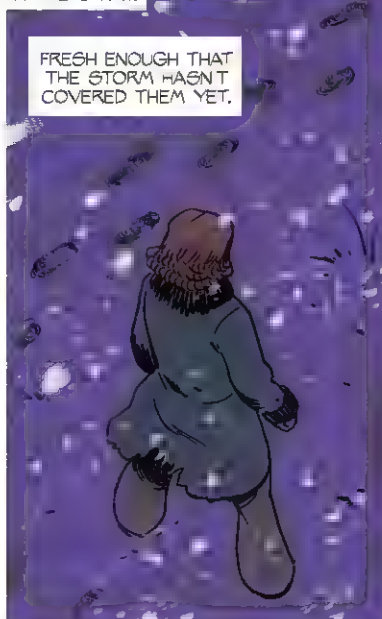


WHICH MEANT SHE HAD
MAYBE THIRTY MINUTES
LEFT, UNTIL LANCE DIED...





FOOTSTEPS
IN THE SNOW.

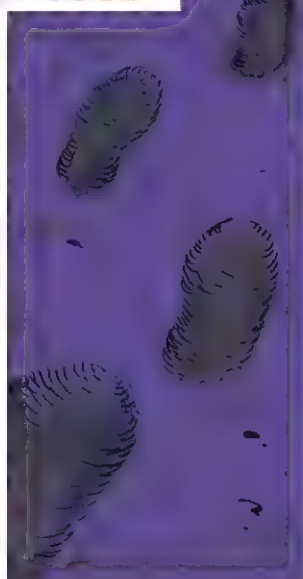


FRESH ENOUGH THAT
THE STORM HASN'T
COVERED THEM YET.

JESUS... SHE'S RIGHT
BEHIND THE KILLER NOW...



BUT WHO IS T...?
THESE AREN'T
THE TRACKS OF
A MONSTER...



IS IT THE GUY IN THE HOOD? THE
ONE WHO LOOKED LIKE LANCE?

SOMETHING
ABOUT THAT...
IT JUST F T'S...



MYSTERIES ARE LIKE
THAT SOMETIMES...

YOU FEEL
SOMETHING N YOUR
GUT... A CERTAINTY.

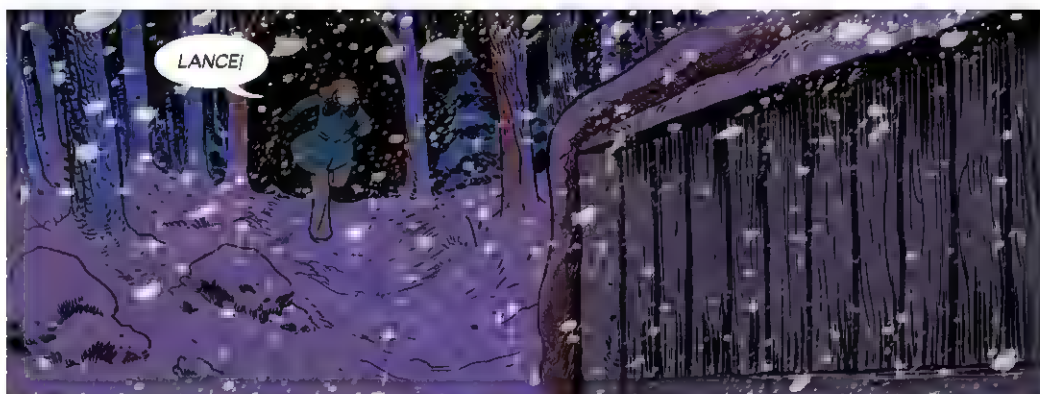


AND IT DOESN'T
FEEL GOOD...

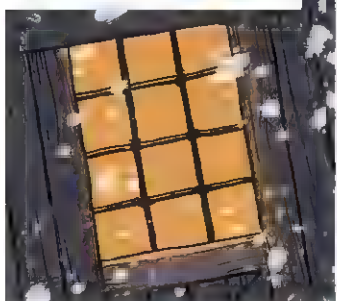
T FEELS
LIKE DREAD

SHIT...

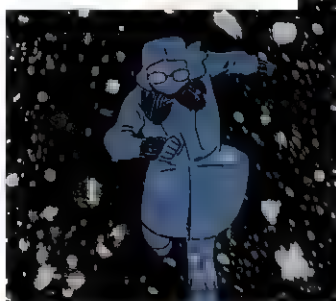




AND SUDDENLY EVERYTHING
STARTS TO FALL INTO PLACE...



ALL HER NAGGING QUESTIONS
FROM LANCE'S CASEBOOK...



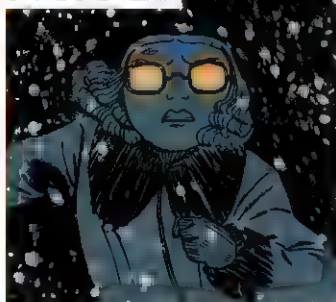
THE MISSING COLLEGE
STUDENT...



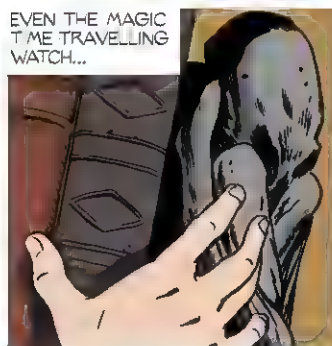
THE STRANGE
HUSBAND...



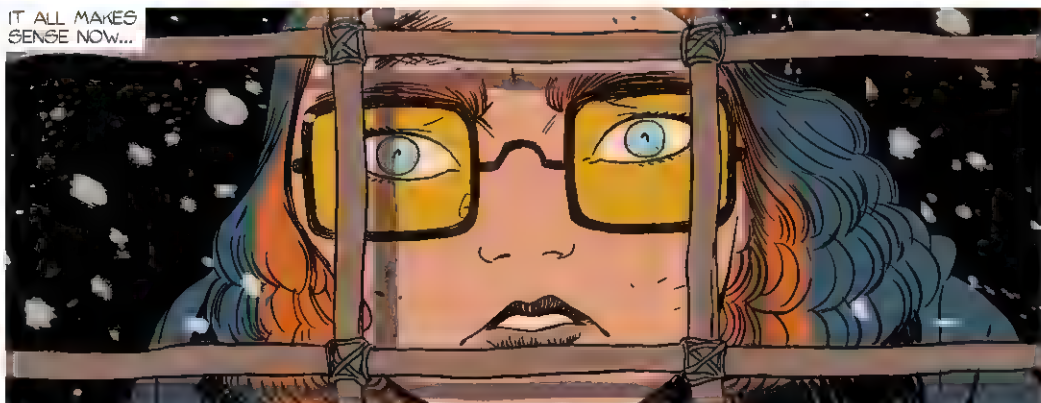
THE DEPARTMENT
STORE BREAK-IN...



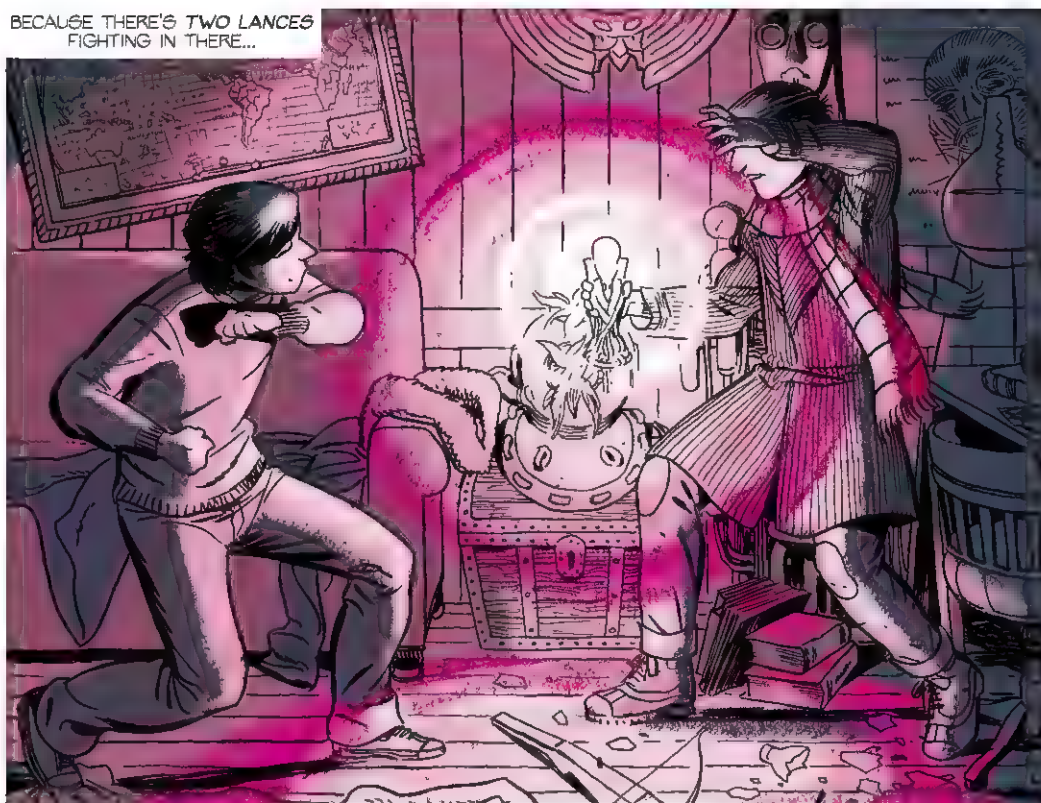
EVEN THE MAGIC
TIME TRAVELLING
WATCH...



IT ALL MAKES
SENSE NOW...



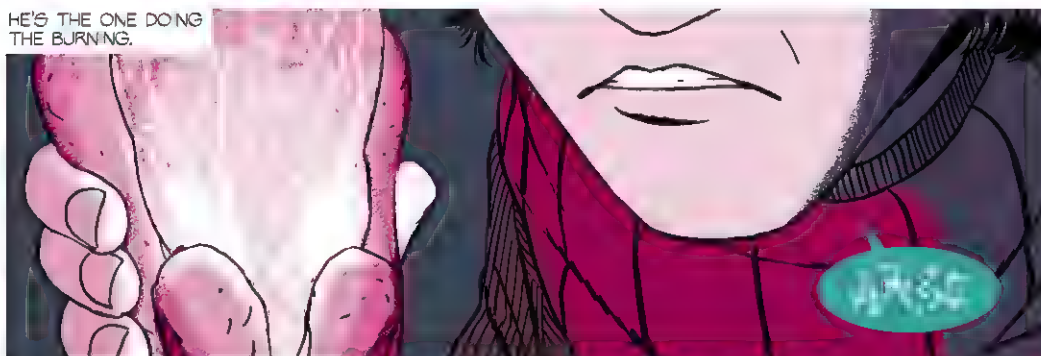
BECAUSE THERE'S TWO LANCES
FIGHTING IN THERE...



AND HERS *ISN'T* THE ONE
THAT'S ABOUT TO GET BURNED...



HE'S THE ONE DOING
THE BURNING.







PAST-HER IS
HERE ALREADY...



DAMN IT... HOW LONG WAS
SHE UNCONSCIOUS...?



AND WHERE
IS LANCE?



WAIT... THERE
HE IS...



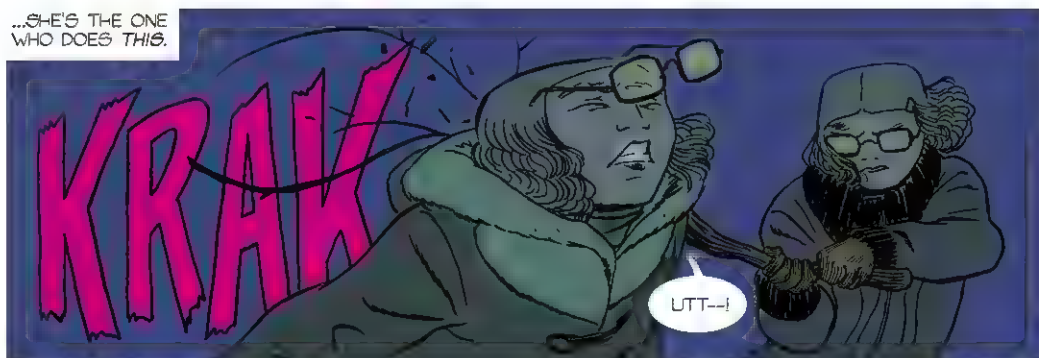
AND NOW HE'S
RUNNING AWAY...



WHICH
MEANS...



...SHE'S THE ONE WHO DOES THIS.



AND SHE'S THE OTHER
SET OF FOOTPRINTS, TOO.



THIS IS HOW IT
ALWAYS HAPPENED...



AND NOW SHE'S GOING
TO CATCH UP TO LANCE...



AND EVERYTHING WILL
FINALLY MAKE SENSE...



...FRIDAY...?

WAIT...
STAY BACK...

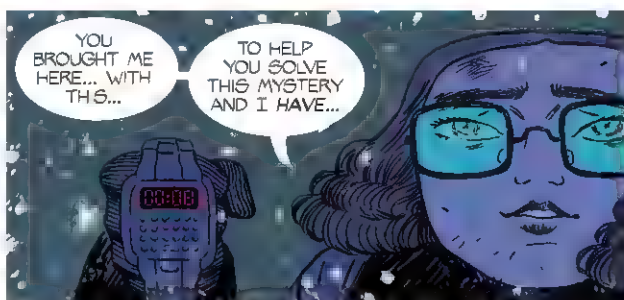
RIGHT?



DON'T LOOK
AT ME.

LANCE, YOU
DON'T UNDERSTAND...
I'M NOT THE ME
FROM TONIGHT...

I'M FROM
NINE DAYS IN
THE FUTURE...



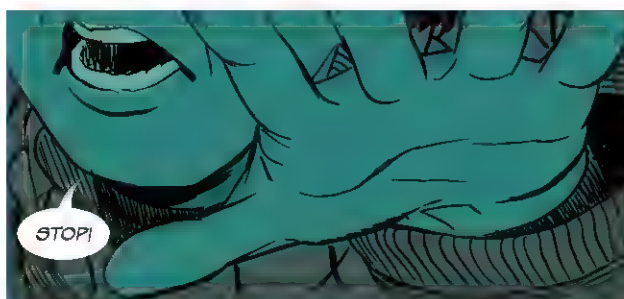
YOU
BROUGHT ME
HERE... WITH
THIS...

TO HELP
YOU SOLVE
THIS MYSTERY
AND I HAVE...



IT'S AN
INVASION,
LANCE

THE WHITE QUEEN
AND HER FAE ARMY
ARE REPLACING PEOPLE
IN KINGS HILL...



STOP!



LANCE...?

WHA... WHAT...
HAPPENED TO
YOUR EARS?





End of
Chapter Eight

Thank God It's Friday



Well, we are walking towards the end of Friday's journey and I'm already feeling blue...
Muntsa Vicente here, sneaking into this afterword just to say hi and tell you how happy coloring this book has made me. And so, we finally come to the beginning of the end, our final act...

Every time I start a new project I try to get a general sense of the story and the characters and find a palette that fits the mood, depending on what the story is about and the style of the artist. Is it a superhero fun action story? Is it a dark noir? Is it a daydreaming teenage tale? And once I've established that point, my main focus is simply to never get in the way. Just be there to help get the story across to the reader in the way it was intended. I've been very lucky in my career as I've been able to work with close friends most of the time, which has made this a very natural and easy process.

FRIDAY was, in that sense, so full of complex emotions and landscapes and the art was so beautiful and detailed that I was a bit overwhelmed at the beginning, to be honest... Also, Ed Brubaker and Marcos Martín... I felt the pressure to basically not ruin anything on one hand, and find a way to bring something to the table, on the other. Fortunately, Marcos had a very clear idea on how to approach the project. He thought that, since not only was the story set in the seventies, but it felt to him like a genre so deeply connected to that time, the color should also somehow reflect the period: with a limited palette, just using combinations of quarters of percentages of CYMK (cyan, yellow, magenta, black). Also, he thought I should paint directly with brushes, instead of just doing clean flat colors. Oh, and no gradients.

Well, that only multiplied my anxiety by one hundred.

But after a few tests, everything made sense to me and from that point forward it's been a pleasure to just wander through those paths between dense tall trees, in the night, in the crazy snow, fighting monsters or crying the loss of your best friend. I've always felt that FRIDAY must be read with a hot cup of tea in your hands and a blanket on your knees and a few drops of rain on your window. FRIDAY makes you melancholic and happy and comfy at the same time. It's cold and harsh and it warms your heart. And hopefully, I have been able to communicate all these emotions through the colors in this book.

I'll leave you with an image I really like from this chapter that I think sums up a bit what I've tried (and most probably) failed to explain. Here we have Friday herself, our fearless hero, running away from the fire and the confusion of facing her own self from the past, and towards her lost friend and the unknown. So we can follow that internal journey towards the magical green lights, with an aurora borealis-like atmosphere, a foreboding of something more than a friend's reunion about to happen. Hope you can feel it!



Anyway, that's it for now. Please, feel free to write at FridayFitzhugh@gmail.com or send us your messages directly if/when you decide to make a payment.

And, as always, we want to thank everyone who've sent words of praise and support (Ryan, Joshua, Henning, Yves, Bienvenido, Jorge, William, Tadd, Abidali, Tristan, Yubaraj...) and very especially Soma, who lives on a remote island off the coast of British Columbia, Canada, and has been able to keep up with the series thanks to our digital model. That's why we do it!

See you soon with our final chapter.

Muntsa
October, 2023



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